Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, October 31, 1918 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

There shall rise from this confused sound of voices
A firmer faith than that our fathers knew,
A deep religion which alone rejoices
In worship of the Infinitely True,
Not built on rite or portent, but a finer
And purer reverence for a Lord diviner.

There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him—brother unto brother.

There shall come a time when knowledge wide extended,
Seeks each man's pleasure in the general health,
And all shall hold irrevocably blended
The individual and the commonwealth;
When man and woman in an equal union
Shall merge, and marriage be a true communion.

There shall some a time when brotherhood shows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world;
When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts, and battle flags are furled;
When the bars of creed and speech and race, which sever,
Shall be fused in one humanity forever.

—*Lewis Morris.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

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The UNITY Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1918 Number 8

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The Truth is her prophetic gift,
The Soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

Memorial Service

Plans have been perfected for a Memorial Service for Mr. Jones on Sunday, November 17, at 3 p. m. Addresses will be given by William C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y.; John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City; William Kent, Francis Neilson, Mrs. William Kent, Miss Jane Addams, Dr. William C. Covert, Dr. Herbert L. Willett, and others. Mr. Kent will preside.

The musical program will consist of numbers by Charles Lee Cocke, organist; Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson, soloist; and W. Wollett, violinist.

Everything that happens in the primaries goes to prove our contention that only by the nonpartizan road can women and other reformers hope to make any permanent headway against the corruption which is in league with party politicians. The Anti-Saloon League, with most painstaking care, tried to assure the nomination alone of dry candidates in the few districts in which they concentrated their efforts. A careful inspection of the candidates indorsed by the United Societies in the third and fifth districts will show how little can be done under the most favorable circumstances when working with machine politicians.

O. C. S.

Are we setting our house in order for the return of our boys? For if not this winter surely next summer they will be coming home. They will have idle days and weeks, if not months, while the industrial readjustment takes place. Our municipal recreation has suffered just as have the centers and settlements but the saloons still flourish and gambling goes on with little hindrance. We still have time to give our cities and states a thorough house cleaning before the boys come home, but unfortunately even here in Illinois the women can have but little to do with it. If never before the franchise should now be a sacred privilege and responsibility. O. C. S.

The need of a new constitution for Illinois is so obvious that it hardly seems possible any man would fail to vote for the Constitutional Convention. The old constitution, standing as it does in the way of progress, is an ever present help when reform menaces corrupt politicians. We can rest assured that such politicians are sparing no effort and no expense to keep the old constitution. "It was good enough for our fathers, why not for us?" It works about as well as the old chimney built for the hard coal burner works when we put in a furnace. O. C. S.

Much is being said in these days about federation, the federation of the churches, the federation of states, the federation of the world. In *The Christian Century* George W. Coleman pleads for a further federation. He says:

> Unless, as the result of this war, we can have in our Christian civilization a better understanding and a truer relation between the classes and the masses, the rich and the poor, the favored and the unfavored, the reactionary and the progressive, all our blood and treasure may have been spent in vain!

Mr. Coleman believes our only hope lies in a compelling conception and application of the principles of Jesus. Nothing else will suffice to bring warring groups and classes and sects into an appreciation of their obligations toward one another.

> Just as France and England and America have fought one another in times past and have come to see now that they all are seeking the same goal of human freedom, so likewise must the clashing forces of our modern social, industrial and economic life come to appreciate that they, too, are all necessary elements in the makeup of the ideal state of society for which we all yearn. And just as the Allied countries found it necessary to employ a unified military command, so likewise it will be found necessary to unify the varied spiritual forces resident in all our powerful classes, parties and groups.

The article by Rev. J. T. Sunderland on another page recalls precious memories of the great Parliament of Religions to which he alludes. Many who attended those inspiring sessions in their youth are now gray haired or have passed beyond our sight. For the most part the work of the world is being done by a new generation, to many of whom the Columbian

Exposition and the Parliament of Religions on the lake front in Chicago seem a dim but beautiful dream. To bring the vision a little nearer we reprint in these columns the introduction by Mr. Jones to the "Chorus of Faith," a book of extracts from addresses made at the Parliament, collected and published in book form. We also reproduce a photograph of the last session of that Congress, held on September 21, 1893. In spite of the strife and turmoil of the present time, may we not still look forward to another Parliament, another day of Pentecost when a "great multitude of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues" shall meet again to emphasize the unities which underlie all faiths and recognize in deed as well as in word the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, an all-inclusive gathering, for

So many roads lead up to God,
'Twere strange if any soul should miss them all.

The *Literary Digest* has gathered suggestive material testifying to the prophetic vision which forecasts the things that are to be:

"George Sand, in her novel, 'Mauprat,' written in 1846, puts into the mouth of *Bernard Mauprat*, in about the middle of the fifteenth chapter, the following words:

"'In his *(Marcasse's)* dreams he used to see an army of victorious Americans disembarking from numberless ships, and bringing the olive branch of peace and the horn of plenty to the French nation,' etc.

The prophet and the poet are closely allied, and Tennyson in his vision of seventy years ago has literally foretold the actual conditions of the present-day warfare. Let us hope that his prediction of the fairer day may be quickly realized:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

Victor Hugo, addressing the Peace Congress in Paris in 1849 predicted the United States of Europe:

"A day will come when you, France, you, Russia, you, Italy, you, England, you, Germany, all you nations of the Continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, blend in a higher unity, and form a European fraternity, even as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, all the French provinces, blended into France.

"A day will come when war will seem as impossible between Paris and London, between Petersburg and Berlin, as between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia.

"A day will come when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrages of the people, by the sacred arbitrament of a great Sovereign Senate, which shall be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France.

"A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be.

"A day will come when we shall see those immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art; their genius clearing the colonizing deserts, and ameliorating creation under the eye of the Creator.

"And to you I appeal, French, English, Germans, Russians, Slavs, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do to hasten the coming of that great day? Love one another. To love one another, in this immense work of pacification, is the best way of aiding God. For God wills that this sublime will should be accomplished."

Ella Flagg Young

In the death of Ella Flagg Young, which occurred at Washington on Saturday, October 27, due to an attack of Spanish influenza, America has lost one of her greatest women and most distinguished educators. Upon her election to the position of superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools in 1909 the late senior editor of UNITY wrote as follows:

Chicago has honored itself and justified its prophetic reputation in placing Mrs. Ella F. Young at the head of its public school system by the unanimous vote of the board of education. Mrs. Young won her place not on account of being a woman, but in spite of being a woman. Her career as an educator is a story full of inspiration. Beginning literally in the primary grades, she won her way up through every position in the public school system, stopping meanwhile to occupy a pedagogical chair in the University of Chicago, winning a doctor's degree and successfully superintending the Cook County Normal School. No more fitting nomination could have been made from the standpoint of pedagogical wisdom, and no more strategic movement could have obtained from the standpoint of practical politics. Mrs. Young will unify the forces inside and outside, will raise the patriotic spirit to a high degree, and will bring into the service of the schools a mind undistracted by outside ambitions and unintimidated by ignoble motives, partisan considerations, or political prejudices.

Nobly has Mrs. Young justified this high estimate of her powers. All the great forces of her mind and heart were spent freely in the interest of the children of Chicago. With clear intellect and fine conscience she stood undaunted against the intrigues and insults of those who would have used the public schools of Chicago for personal ends. She found the teachers of our city distracted and discouraged. She harmonized, encouraged and inspired them. In her they had a friend on whose justice and kindness they could rely. Services will be held in her memory. Doubtless some lasting memorial will be planned to do permanent honor to this really great soul. But the tenderest witness to her worth will be the gratitude of many a young teacher now grown old to whom she was "so kind" when she visited her class, patient with her inexperience, constructive in her criticism. The life of Ella Flagg Young is one more rich inheritance for humanity, a proud possession for the country into which she was born and the city where she lived and labored for over half a century.

The Parliament of Religions

A Backward Glance

Reprinted from the Introduction to "A Chorus of Faith," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

At this Parliament of religion the Brahmin forgot his caste and the Catholic was chiefly conscious of his catholicity. Here the Presbyterian laid aside his creed, the Baptist rose above his close communion tenet, the Methodist tunneled under his "Discipline." All these came there simply as men conscious of their ignorance, conscious also of an intensified potency and of an increasing hunger for companionship. It was plain to see that the priests and preachers on the platform of Columbus Hall were having an exceedingly good time. The soul had escaped its conventional fetters, laid aside its ecclesiastical trumpery and had gone out to play in the open fields of God. The spirits of men and women were out walking on the hilltops of human nature. They were having a good time because they had all escaped barriers and fetters peculiar to them. Next to the gorgeously bedecked and jolly Bishop of Zante, of the Greek Church, sat his reverence Bishop Shibata, of the Shinto faith of Japan, who was probably the most elaborately harnessed figure on the platform. How far away he looked in his pontifical robes! How insular he seemed wrapped in his rich Japanese silk and doomed to the silence of a foreign speech. Very conventional seemed the benedictions which he dropped upon the audience with the cedar paddle he reverently carried in both hands, symbolizing some sanctity we knew not of, which he evidently did not feel free to discard. But, as Dr. Barrows read for him his translated address, in which he told us how "fourteen years ago he had told his people his longing for such a friendly meeting as this," his thirst for that "fraternity that would put an end to war, that fearlessness in investigating the truth of the universe that would be instrumental in uniting all the religions of the world, bringing hostile nations into peaceful relations by the way of perfect justice," that vast audience soon forgot the priest as they discovered the man. They looked beneath his satin vestments and found his human heart. The great wave of applause from the risen audience was too much for him to handle with his ecclesiastical paddle. It was an impressive moment when, yielding to a spontaneous impulse he threw away his paddle and reached out his naked non-official hands towards his brethren and sisters, and he had not hands enough. I hope the newspaper men were right when they said that the sisters' cheeks were kissed, as I know some of the brethren's were, for it was the triumph of man, not *the* man. It was the human soul unsexed as it was unsected. It was the child of love and grief, the victim of pains and disappointments, the bearer of hopes, the servant of ideals that was greeted and greeting.

If nothing else is left of the Parliament there will be left this sweet revelation of brotherhood. If ignorance and narrowness should still continue to blind the soul to the beauty of other faiths than its own, if the heart of Christendom should continue to yield no place for Confucius or Buddha, and their devotees still distrust or deny the spiritual loftiness of Jesus, yet those who attended the meetings of last September will send their hearts around the globe to find and to hold the individuals they there learned to respect and to love. The Parliament, if it has proved nothing else, has proved what a splendid thing human nature is to build a religious fellowship upon. Who cares for a creed which a prophet like Mozoomdar cannot sign? Who wants a church that has no room in it for a Pagan like Dharmapala? Who would insult the memory of Jesus by excluding from a so-called "Lord's table" those who served his brothers and sisters in the land of the cherry blossoms, the beautiful isles of the Pacific—those gentle teachers, Hirai, and his mild and cultivated associates? Having listened to the dignified Pung Quang Yu we can never again abuse the Chinese with as stupid a conscience. Having heard Bishop Arnett and Prince Massaquoi, it will be harder than ever to spell negro with two "g's." The Parliament demonstrated the essential piety of Terrence, when he said, "I deem nothing foreign that is human."

The second unity made perceptible at this Parliament was the unity of the prophecy, the harmony of the prophets. Thousands were made to feel by direct contact, thousands more will come to feel through the study of its triumphs, that the message of all the great teachers of religion is essentially the same. Jesus, Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Zoroaster, Sokrates and Mohammed taught, not so many different ways to God, but the same way, the only way, the way of service, the lonely way of truth-seeking, the homely way of loving and helping. * * * *

Traveling this road we come to the third unity that bound together the Parliament, made it a coherent and cohesive body: the unity of reverence, the sense of the mysterious in the infinite, the thought of God. There was but one faith pervading the Parliament except when some one began to number his divinities or to count the attributes of his diety, then disintegration was imminent. Perhaps the least fruitful day of the Parliament was the one set apart for the discussion of the divine nature. Let it be confessed that was rather a dry day. The Parliament was most triumphant when it took God for granted. The soul can be trusted on its Godward side if it is only developed on its manward side. Give the spirit its freedom and it will fast enough use its wings. Teach the mind to think and it will soon enough discover that it is "thinking God's thoughts after Him."

To recapitulate: The Parliament was at least a cumulative revelation of the common bonds of human nature, common love of nobility, common dependence on the great revealers of history,—loyalty to the leaders of the race. And, lastly, in proportion as these two unities are realized, there comes the common sense of the divine, the nestling of the human close to the heart of God.

The Parliament was not without its discordant notes. It is not going to put an end to bigotry. There are those who distrusted the project and who regret the triumph. It is but fair to recognize that fact. * * * * * * * But the Parliament has made it easier for a man to think his own thoughts, to love truth and to follow it even though it cross the barriers of an adopted creed. It will make men more willing to reach hands across denominational lines into other church folds. It will make it harder for an honest man to subscribe to a creed he does not approve. It will make it more cowardly for a

preacher to think one thing in the study and to imply a different thing in the pulpit. It will make it more dishonorable than ever for a man to support the church that he does not believe in, or to withhold his support from the church he does believe in. Christianity was thrown on the defensive on the floors of the Parliament. To borrow a World's Fair phrase, the so-called Pagans "made the best exhibit." They were the most in demand. They enkindled the greatest enthusiasm. This is not wholly explained by the fact of novelty. Seventeen days would have exhausted the novelty of white and saffron robes had there not been, under these robes, minds skilled to thought, spirits that probed through things local and transient to things universal and eternal. The Japanese won the American hearts in spite of their garb, their foreign tongue, and their so-called "heathen" antecedents. The representatives of the Orient triumphed over the audience by speaking unwelcome truths, telling them things they did not like to hear. These men triumphed because they left much of their baggage at home. The ecclesiasticism, the forms and the dogmas of these religions were not worth paying freight on from home, so they left them behind. They came as prophets and not as priests. They came to proclaim the universals, the things we hold in common. They came to show us that we held no monopoly upon the superlative things of the soul. They found us, unfortunately, in the midst of all our baggage, overlaid by our secondary things. Christianity was on the defensive only in so far as it tried to guard its peculiar, and what it may claim as exclusive prerogatives, when it tried to justify that which it ought to amend, and should be ashamed of. Christianity as the "only revealed religion," the "one true religion" set over against a "false religion" found itself in straitened circumstances at the Parliament. Its boast was denied in the most emphatic way such a denial could come. The claim was disproved by men who by their radiant faces, enkindled words and blameless lives, proved that they, too, were inside of the Kingdom of God, partakers of His righteousness, though still outside the traditions and dogmas of Christianity. Christianity as one of the religious forces in the world, wrestling with error and struggling with crime, quickening hearts with love, nerving souls to do the right, has nothing to fear, but much, very much, to gain from this Parliament. It will grow strong by increasing its modesty; grow efficient by concentrating its forces and discovering its true enemies. Christianity as the gospel of love trying to reduce the hates of the world, as the gospel of light trying to reduce the ignorance of the world, as a progressive religion trying to appropriate the discoveries of science, the triumphs of commerce, and the mechanic arts, has received a magnificent impetus in this Parliament. So also has Buddhism as a religion of love, gentleness and service. And the same is true of Brahminism and all the others. These messengers from Japan, China, and India will go back with a larger conception of the work which awaits them. We may be sure they will put a more universal accent into their preaching, more progressive courage into their practice.

Jesus, the blessed friend of sinners, the peasant prophet of righteousness, the simple priest of character, the man illuminated and illuminating in the sermon on the mount, the golden rule, the matchless parables of the good Samaritan and the prodigal son, was magnificently honored at the Parliament. His fame was

WORLD'S FIRST RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT
MORNING SESSION, THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1893.

1. Michael De Zmigrodzki, Austria.
2. Chaplain J. H. Macomber, U. S. Army.
3. Rev. Haworth, Japan.
4. Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, D.D., Philadelphia.
5. Rev. Geo. T. Lemmon, Troy, N. Y.
6. Dr. Ernst Faber, Shanghai, China.
7. Rev. Simon J. McPherson, D.D., Chicago.
8. Prof. Kozaki, Japan.
9. Rev. R. A. Hume, New Haven, Conn.
10. Rt. Rev. Reuchi Shibata, Japan.
11. Z. Noguchi, Japan.
12. Dr. Philip Schaff, New York.
13. Unknown to secretaries.
14. Rev. Dr. Alfred W. Momerie, London, England.
15. President Whitman, Colby University.
16 Rev. George T. Candlin, Tientsin, China.
17. Rt. Rev. Shaku Soyen, Japan.
18. Narasima Chari, Madras, India.
19. H. Dharmapala, India.
20. Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., Chicago.
21. Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., Chairman, Chicago.
22. Rt. Rev. Bariu Yatsubuchi, Japan.
23. Rt. Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu, Japan.
24. N. Nomoura, Japan.
25. Rt. Rev. Horin Toki, Japan.
26. Hon. C. C. Bonney.
27. Rev. Dr. Pentecost, London. Eng.
28. Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D.D., Chicago.
29. Mr. Yung Kwai, China.
30. William Pipe.
31. Miss Jeanne Sorabji, Bombay, India.
32. Mr. Yoshiro Kawai, Japan.
33. Hon. Pung Kwang Yu, China.
34. P. C. Mozoomdar, India.
35. Kinza Riuge Hirai, Japan.
36. Father Phiambolis, Chicago.
37. Theodore F. Seward, New York.
38. B. B. Nagarkar, Bombay, India.
39. Archimandrite Christoforo Gibbora.
40. Rev. Gilbert Reid, China.
41. Unknown to Secretaries.
42. Virchand R. Gandhi, Bombay, India.
43. Rev. Dr. Hugenholtz, Holland.
44. Rev. J. L. Torgerson, Chicago.
45. Chaplain A. Allensworth, U.S.A.
46. Rev. Dr. Walter M. Barrows, Rockford, Ill.
47. Bishop B. W. Arnett, A. M. E. Church.
48. Dr. Adolf Brodbeck, Hanover, Germany.
49. Rev. Mr. Ignados, Constantinople.
50. Unknown to Secretaries.
51. Rev. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris.
52. Rev. O. P. Gifford, Chicago.
53. Rev. J. K. Wheeler, Chicago.
54. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.

immeasurably extended and his power increased. But the Christ of dogma, the Christ of a "scheme of salvation," of a vindictive soul-damning god-head was threatened. There was little place on that platform for any atoning blood that will snatch a murderous and thieving Christian into heaven and plunge an honest, life-venerating pagan into hell. Jesus, one of the saviors of the world, the noblest, as it seeems to me, of that noble brotherhood, the spiritual leaders of the race, remains made more near and dear by this fraternity of religions. But Jesus, as "The Saviour of the World," who, by miraculous endowment or supernatural appointment, is to supplant all other teachers and overthrow their work, will find but little endorsement for such a claim in the thought or feeling that will grow out of the Parliament of Religions.

What of results? I look for no revolution in religious thought or institutions; but there will come a more rapid evolution of both. Existing churches will remain, but their emphasis will be changed more and more from dogma to deed, from profession to practice. From out their creed-bound walls will come an ever-increasing throng, upon whose brows will rest the radiance of the sunrise; whose hearts will glow with the fervid heat of the Orient intensified by the scientific convictions of the Occident. These people will demand a church that will be as inclusive in its spirit as the Parliament. The Parliament will teach people that there is an Universal Religion. This must have its teachers and it will have its churches. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on those things which all religions hold in common: the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all the religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a gospel. Character is always revelation. All writings that make for it are Scripture.

It is great to have lived to have seen this triumph. But it will not do to forget that "one swallow does not make a summer." On the crest of a great opportunity, borne by a splendid inspiration, focalized at the quadro-centennial celebration of the discovery of a world, it has been possible to realize a world's Pentecost for seventeen days. But it took unnumbered centuries and uncounted martyrs to prepare for this festival of the spirit. The renunciation of Buddha, the cup of hemlock at Athens, and the bitterness of Calvary, together with the countless love-offerings and life-sacrifices inspired by these, all helped to make the triumph witnessed in Chicago in September, 1893, a triumph compared with which the councils of Nicea, of Dort, Trent, and all the rest of them are secondary and unimportant. They were local; this universal. They resulted in schism; this made for unity. They inspired disputes, emphasized differences; this rose above disputes and invited harmony. That it is to have immeasureable results for good I firmly believe, but not without our strivings and our self-sacrifices. After all the lesson most needed is the lesson of self-denial, consecration, and devotion to an ideal that our pilgrim-guests enforced by their practice more than by their precept.

Chicago, December 25, 1893.

Friend, Preacher and Dreamer of Great Dreams

A Tribute From One Who Had Known and Loved Mr. Jones for Forty-Seven Years

When the word came to me of Mr. Jones' death, I was startled, staggered; it was only with difficulty that I could believe it. How could it be possible? How could he die? What right had death to touch one so needed, so vigorous, so full of hope, loved—and trusted by so many, a leader in so many great and splendid fights still going on,—a man vital in his very being, having nothing in common with death, a very embodiment of the unconquerable, the immortal and the eternal?

For some years our homes had been a thousand miles apart as distance is counted, but I always felt as if we were close neighbors, partly because sympathy and affection know nothing about miles, and partly because every week when Unity came he seemed to me to come with it and grasp my hand in the old hearty fashion, and say to me, "Now, Sunderland—here's for a good talk about the great things that we both care for." And then for an hour, until the last line or the last page was read, it was the dear fellow who for forty-seven years I had known and loved (and much of the time worked hand in hand with), sitting by my side before my open fire and pouring out from his big brain and mighty heart, as from a great bubbling, overflowing fountain, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" about practically all the things most worth while that were being done and said and thought in the great living worlds of freedom and progress and love and duty and human service. Oh, how I shall miss those always anticipated weekly visits, those soul-inspiring communings of the spirit!

But at least I am glad Unity is to continue. It will still speak his thought, his ideals, his high hopes for humanity, even if not his words. In it his soul of love and fire will "go marching on."

In these many years of work for a common cause we have not always agreed. Indeed, in certain things we have disagreed and fought each other: because each believed the other wrong. But I think neither one has ever doubted the other's sincerity. Mr. Jones was a big enough man to be able to fight another and yet respect him. Notwithstanding our differences, our mutual regard and our affection have held absolutely firm. Indeed, our agreements were always ten times, a hundred times, more numerous than our disagreements. To a greater extent than in connection with almost any other man inside the Unitarian body, or outside of it, I have always found his spiritual ideals my own, his hopes and ambitions for humanity my own, and his life and work a constant incentive and inspiration.

I have said that for seven and forty years I have known Mr. Jones. His was almost the first hand (Robert Collyer's was the very first) to grasp mine and welcome me into the Unitarian fellowship, when, groping my way out of the shadows of the old orthodoxy in which I had been reared, I at last found the light and joy of the liberal faith. What a brother he was to me at once! and what a brother he has been to thousands and thousands of others who have needed him since.

Mr. Jones had done great things; but we confidently expected more years to be given him, and therefore still further important achievements from him. I think I am right in the judgment that through his pulpit, his popular lectures, his work in connection with the World's Parliament of Religions and UNITY he had become the most influential leader of Liberal religion in its more free and independent form, in the West, if not in this country.

He had the ardent, forward-looking soul of a prophet, a moral character firm as steel, spiritual ideals as high as the stars and a sense of human brotherhood as wide as the world.

He was a great preacher; he was a great lover of humanity; he was a born reformer, whose heart burned with desire for better things for mankind. He was a hero soul, who dared to be true to the light that God had given him, who feared neither man nor devil, and who could not fear God because he revered and loved Him so,—who feared nothing in the universe except cowardice, deceit and wrong.

He was a great dreamer of splendid dreams, and a mighty transformer of dreams into realities,—such great, worth-while realities as the Parliament of Religions, and the Congresses that succeeded it, All Souls Church, the Abraham Lincoln Centre, UNITY, and Tower Hill.

He was an ardent patriot, who in his young manhood did not hesitate to serve his country three years as a soldier to free her from the crime of slavery and to save the Union; who all his life lived for the things that he believed would make his country great; who earnestly wanted his country to lead the nations in all noble things, and who loved his country all the more because he loved all the world. The longer he lived the more ardent was he as a lover of peace and as a worker to promote it,—not because he had a drop of coward blood in his veins, but because he believed peace and not war to be the divine road to all best things for humanity, and he dared to say so even if men stoned him for it.

He had a loving nature. He loved the common people, understood them, sympathized with their aims and ideals, felt their hurts and sorrows, was their friend and companion—was able so to be and do because, like his Master, the Great Teacher of Galilee, he was brought up among them and was of them. In return, all classes and kinds of people loved him, as all kinds loved the Man of the Great Heart in Galilee.

He loved children, and children loved him; and never better than after his hair had turned white; because he never lost his child-heart. Of him, as of Jesus, it might well be written, that mothers brought their young children to him that he should touch them. And he said:

"Permit the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

How he loved nature!—the prairies and forests of his boyhood, and not less the wonder-world of his manhood, with its ever-fascinating sunrises and sunsets, its night skies with their stars, its changing seasons, its hills and woods and streams, its birds and buttercups and daisies and its country roads with their endless charm! Lo! is not the story thereof written, written with a pen as graphic as that of Isaac Walton or of John Burroughs, in "Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel"—a book that ought to be read and loved a hundred years from now?

Mr. Jones was a delightful companion,—at home or abroad, for half an hour or for days, on a railway or steamboat journey, at a religious conference, or for a walk in the fields and woods. His companionship charmed and never tired. Why? Because he had keen eyes to see; because he had wide knowledge—wide knowledge not only of books, great and worth-while books, but also of current events, and of men and things and life on every side; because he had quick and sincere sympathy with people, people of every class and kind; because he had a fresh mind, as fresh as sunrises and spring flowers, never thinking in ruts, always seeing things from new angles and in new lights; because he talked easily, happily, fluently, picturesquely, as freshly as he thought, as spontaneously as birds sing,—and yet he never talked without saying something; he never bored you, he could be delightfully silent and let you think your own thoughts in peace if you wanted to; because he liked to talk about earnest things, life's deep experiences, things of the soul, the hopes and faiths and ideals that shine in the sky of us all and make life great and sweet and holy; and, with all the rest, because he could smile and enjoy fun, and see the ludicrous side of things, and tell a good story, and laugh as heartily as a boy. He had in him a delicate, never absent fund of twinkling humor that twinkled alike in his public addresses and his private conversation—that twinkled with never-failing charm in the most unexpected places, like the sudden dropping on one in the night of star glints through broken clouds. He was as earnest a man as Abraham Lincoln, whom he loved with a fervor that was almost worship, and he had in him a vein of humor that was almost as rich as Lincoln's, although its habitual form of manifestation was somewhat different from that of the great President.

How many talks I have had with him,—talks not to be forgotten, talks of hours and hours, talks extending far into the night, and yet always too short!

The last time I saw Mr. Jones was in New York, when he came here during his annual "March flight" from the cold winds of Chicago, to get a little rest—rest by change of work—after his hard winter campaign at home. He came to deliver several addresses in the city, and to see and consult with friends about some matters of importance. We had two or three long visits, long talks of the old kind. He spoke cheerfully of his physical health; and yet I was a little troubled to find him avoiding physical exertion, especially walking, more than I had ever known him to do before. But he was brimming over, not only with reminiscences of the past, but with plans for the future. Two or three times he spoke of his age as limiting his outlook ahead, and yet I never saw him more full of thought about things he still hoped to do and get others to do.

In one of our talks he went over with much detail the story of the great Chicago Parliament of Religions in 1893,—the inception of the idea, the many and almost insurmountable difficulties and discouragements in the way of the idea's realization, and the final triumph,—relating some interesting incidents and facts that I had never before known, and that are probably unknown to anybody except to the two or three persons

beside himself who were behind the scene in everything.

All this led up to his old dream to which he had given expression in the closing meeting of the Parliament, and which, in all the twenty-five years since, he had never quite left behind, of another great world Parliament of Religions, to be held some time in the Orient, preferably in Benares, the sacred city of India. It had been my dream, too, which I had never abandoned; and so we talked it over and over, and turned it about, and held it up in all lights, and at our suggestion Mr. John Haynes Holmes arranged for a little group of friends likely to be in sympathy with the idea to lunch together and discuss it still further.

Was the dream merely a wild fantasy, an alluring mirage that could never be turned into reality? As we talked Mr. Jones said again and again, "I ought to have done it. I ought to have followed up the dream with action long, long ago; for then I believe it might have been realized. But now, after so much delay, when the Chicago Parliament has faded so far into the background, when conditions in the world have been so greatly changed by the war, and when I and you, and all the others who took part in the first Parliament, if alive at all, are at least not so young as we used to be—now, is it not too late?" I answered, "No." The other friends said, "Why should we think it too late?" And Mr. Jones, with all the old fire of twenty-five years ago blazing in his eyes, declared, "I believe it is not." And the decision reached was to begin at once quietly working up an interest in the matter, and canvassing among friends as opportunity might permit, for funds, and then, when the war ends, if conditions seem as favorable as we hope, strike at once for another great congress (one or more) somewhere in the Orient, of representatives of all the important faiths of the world, like that Parliament in Chicago, to see what can be done through religion to draw a little nearer to one another the peoples of the world, to heal the wounds that the war has made, and to promote human brotherhood.

I repeated to the little group, as a little while before I had told in UNITY, the story of my own experiences in the East just prior to the war, in arranging plans for a series of International Religious Congresses similar in spirit to that in Chicago but on a smaller scale, to be held in Japan, China, Ceylon and in India—plans which were broken up by the war. I also told again, at Mr. Jones' request, my experience in Benares, where I had an opportunity, in the Hall of the Carmichael Library, to relate to a great audience of Hindus, Mohammedans, Brahmos, a few British officials and a handful of English and American missionaries, the full story of the Chicago Parliament, with Mr. Jones' prediction of a sequel some time to be held in India's sacred city on the Ganges,—a story and a prediction which were listened to with the deepest interest by that Indian audience, and which resulted in assurances of the strongest possible nature from practically the whole assemblage, that Benares, and all India, would heartily welcome such a world Parliament, and would do all in their power to make it a success.

Well, our little luncheon party broke up. Mr. Jones went back to Chicago, reprinted in pamphlet form what he had recently said in a sermon about his Benares Parliament dream, and what I had said in recent articles in UNITY about my experiences in Benares and elsewhere in the Orient; and since then the pamphlet, somewhat widely circulated, has been quietly rekindling the dream in not a few minds. But alas! so far as Mr. Jones was concerned, the dream was not to be realized.

> "This is the state of man; today he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost!"
> The frost has come!

I am by no means without hope that something of the general character of Mr. Jones' daring and splendid dream, something in the direction of the plans discussed by that little New York luncheon group, will yet be carried into actuality. If so, his spirit will be in it; it will be in no small measure his deed, although in bodily presence he will not be there.

In my two visits to the Orient, it has been my privilege to tell the story of the Chicago Parliament to audiences in, I suppose, a hundred places, and to private circles in places more numerous still. Always I have spoken of Mr. Jones as the man to whom, more than to any other, the Parliament owed its existence. For such he was. To Dr. Barrows and to Mr. Bonney was due very great credit; but not greatest credit. Mr. Jones was the moving spirit of it all. Even although the idea did not actually originate with him, he took it up with an enthusiasm and an earnestness without which it could never have succeeded. Wherever I talked with representatives of the religions of the East who had attended the Parliament, I found that they recognized Mr. Jones as its soul.

I think it is a great pity, a great loss to the world, that Mr. Jones never made a tour of the Orient. I do not believe that I exaggerate when I express the judgment that he would have received a welcome warmer and more general from leaders of all the great religious faiths there than has ever been extended to any representative of American Christianity. Dr. Barrows, the President of the Chicago Parliament, traveled and lectured in India during 1896 and 1897, and was received with much cordiality; but he had no such message of sympathy and brotherhood for all the peoples and all the religions of the East as Mr. Jones would have borne; and therefore it was impossible for him to touch the real heart of the Orient as I am sure Mr. Jones would have been able to do.

In conclusion, I want to press the inquiry, Why should not Mr. Jones' splendid dream of a Parliament (one or more than one) of world-wide religious brotherhood, in the Orient, be carried out? As a fact it is essentially the same thought that Dr. Wendte, Dr. Eliot and others have had in mind for some years past, and that prompted the International Council of Liberal Religions to send me, five years ago, to the Orient to arrange for the series of congresses there that I have already mentioned. When the war is over there will be sore need, as I have said, for every possible agency that lovers of humanity can devise, to heal the estrangements which have been caused and to promote in the world a spirit of international, inter-racial and inter-religious fellowship and good will.

Is there not here a great opportunity awaiting the Unitarians and other religious liberals of America which they may well look forward to with eager interest?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York, Oct. 22, 1918.

UNITY

Heart of my heart, the world is young;
  Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung
  Once, we thought, must come to a close:
Now we know the spirit of song,
  Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
Hand in hand, as we wander along,
  What should we doubt of the years that roll?

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
  Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
  Tells us nothing can cease to be:
One, we are one with a song today,
  One with the clover that scents the world,
One with the unknown, far away,
  One with the stars, when earth grows old.

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
  One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind,
  One as the waves are at one with the sea!
Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
  Darkens, ends as a tale that is told,
One, we are one, O heart of my heart,
  One, still one, while the world grows old.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

The Golden Hynde and Other Poems—Macmillan Co.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

In vain do we try to adequately express our appraisal of the life of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. When the words have been written, our heart tells us there was something about his life which eludes our analysis, something which our words cannot convey to another. One must have known him, caught the flash and twinkle of his eye, heard that voice vibrant with personality, and felt the hearty handclasp. They must have followed him through the years, observed the breadth of his sympathy, the helpfulness of his constant ministries, the courage with which he untiringly battled for the things that were right and true. Only such an acquaintance could give one an appreciation of the feeling of loss with which the friends of Dr. Jones now dwell upon his passing.

We often experience disappointment when some life which gave promise of being for us a great ocean, proves with closer acquaintane to be but a small lake where our boats quickly touch the farther shore. Not so with Dr. Jones. As through the years I have read in UNITY's pages his messages like breezes from the wide ocean, as I have visited Lincoln Centre, read in the unique and charming study that was his, or spoken in the pulpit, which he made so notable, I have felt myself in touch with a life the shores of whose spiritual energies were far beyond the horizon. I have been made to feel increasingly the heroic idealism, and the inexhaustible resourcefulness of the great soul whose life there found expression in the heart of city and nation. Jenkin Lloyd Jones gave to the world that most precious gift—a great life.

The events of the past two or three years have but served to deepen this appreciation. While fighting hard for his ideals, misunderstood and misinterpreted, he was never led into any bitterness of heart, never lost faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and love. Though he saw with sorrow many of his friends take a path widely divergent from the way his convictions led, he kept his faith in these friends, his love for them; his faith in his country, in humanity, and in God, and manifested daily that peace which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

One can but believe that the passing years will deepen the appreciation of a life lived in rare devotion to its ideals. And when the nations shall have at last put away the sword and shall cease to learn the art of war, then shall appear with a new glory in the memory of many the name of one who never ceased to declare the vision of a world ruled by reason and love, and whose faith in the possibility of making the ideal real never faltered. HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

BAKER'S ISLAND.

Brother, tell me, what do you see
As you lie on your great sloping gray granite ledge,
The bright sunshine playing around you,
The wind from the North blowing the grass and the firs;
As you look out over the ocean
From the shore of this outermost island
Of the beautiful rugged coast of Maine:
  Tell us, what can you see?

I can see deep purple hills and the long line of the coast
Miles away, and the darker blue of the sea
Flecked with waves, breaking white in the wind;
And I see the great rounded domes
Of Mount Desert, Isle of the Blest,
And distant blue hills far up the bay;
And near me the Cyclopean beach,
Piled up by ages of winter and storm,
Curving away to the east with greetings
And smiles for its tall kinsman, Point Schoodic,
And 'Tit Manan, the low-lying
Island of ledges, breaking the sea.
Big stones, white, brown, and gray, lie before me,
And within their circle a pool of blue quiet water,
And, closer still, under my eyes,
Shine ripened red berries
Mid fresh green leaves of the cranberry vines.
Spears of dry grass and stray bits of bright color
Tell the story of autumn, and winter to come.
Low, stunted evergreens cling to the rocks.
Graves of ships, broken and pounded to death,
Heroic ventures of men who lived and died not in vain,
Girdle the perilous shore.
And I lie here on the kindly smooth ledge,
Gray and white and spotted with lichen,
Beaten for thousands of years
And covered again and again by the ice,
With the wreckage of fishermen's boats
Scattered about at its feet.
And I, an old man, not many miles away
From the end of this earthly life,
A lover of truth, a lover of peace,
A lover of right, a lover of men,
One of those whom the great angry world
Holds now in much disesteem,
Lie here at rest, as if in the arms of God,
Thankful for life and its wonderful gifts,
Ready to wake or to sleep at the Master's command,
Waiting perchance for ventures new
In the infinite reaches of space,
Fearless of death.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Grant, O God, Thy Protection;
And in Protection, Strength;
And in Strength, Understanding;
And in Understanding, Knowledge;
And in Knowledge, the Knowledge of Justice;
And in the Knowledge of Justice, the Love of it;
And in that Love, the Love of all Existence;
And in the Love of all Existence, the Love of God.
  God and all Goodness.

The Gorsedd Play from the Welsh.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

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Pulpit Speakers and Topics

NOVEMBER 3.—Dr. James H. Breasted—*Earliest Social Prophets.*

NOVEMBER 10.—Dr. James H. Breasted—*The Earliest Internationalism.*

NOVEMBER 17.—Sunday School at 9:30. Memorial Services for Jenkin Lloyd Jones at 3 p. m.

NOVEMBER 24.—Francis Neilson—*The Lake Poets.*

CLASSES IN RELIGION.—It is hoped that the work for the month of November will prove as interesting as have the October sessions. A brave beginning has been made. Some outside reading and regular attendance will easily demonstrate the worth of such work. The topics for November are:

November 5 and 8. Assyria. Leader, Miss Martha Dameier.

November 12 and 15. Babylon. Leader, Dr. Willis C. Stone.

November 19 and 22. The Tower of Bable. Leader, Miss Mary Lockersteen.

November 26 to 29. The Code of Hammurabi. Leader, Mrs. M. L. Purvin.

References for the month:

Pinches, T. G.: Religion of Babylonia and Asswria.

Budge: Babylonian Life and History.

Jastrow: Religion in Babylonia and Assyria.

Harper, R. F.: Code of Hammurabi.

Delitzsch: Babel and Bible.

Layard: Discoveries Among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.

Robinson: History of Assyria.

Sayce: Hibbert Lectures for 1887.

Sayce: Social Iife Among the Assyrians and Babylonians.

CAMP REUNION AND SUPPER will be held on Wednesday, November 6, at 6 p. m. There will be songs and recitations by the children, some lantern slides showing life at the camp and a talk by Mr. Francis Neilson. Parents are cordially invited to hear the program.

LINCOLN CENTRE MOTHERS' CLUB—November 12, 2:30 p. m., Sugar Demonstration, Mrs. Dora Duff. November 20, Inspection Visit to Spalding School for Crippled Children. November 26, 2:30 p. m., "Cheap and Tasty Meals for Chicago Families," Mrs. Henry Hiestand.

ORGAN RECITALS—Mr. Charles Lee Cocke will give the first organ recital of the season on Sunday, November 24, at 4 p. m. Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson will assist.

UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICES of the Oakland group of churches will be held this year at the Forty-first Street Presbyterian Church at 10:30 a. m. Rev. William C. Covert, pastor. Rev. T. Yeoman Williams of the South Congregational Church will preach the sermon.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.—This dinner has been an annual event in the life of All Souls Church for over thirty years. Mr. Jones always made it a previous engagement. Those who have no nearer home ties or who for any reason would like to join in the larger home on that day will be cordially welcomed by the Lincoln Centre residents. Dinner will be served at 5 p. m. followed by a social evening. (Plates 75 cents.) Please send your acceptance early to Miss Madeleine Sloane, Abraham Lincoln Centre. Telephone Kenwood 6512.

CLUBS AND CLASSES.—The work of All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre has continued as announced, subject to such limitations as were necessary in the interest of the public health. The attendance at all the classes is encouraging. If you want to see a group of happy boys doing real work drop in to any of the Manual Training classes, Mondays and Wednesdays 7 to 9 p. m.; Saturday 8:30 to 10 a. m. For full schedule of activities apply at the office.

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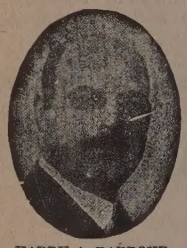

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